

SABBATH SCHOOL VISITANT.

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SABBATH SCHOOL MONTHLY CONCERT.

We are happy in being able to communicate to our readers, the recommendation of the American Sunday School Union, to all the friends of Sabbath Schools, to unite in a Monthly Concert of Prayer; and we have the confidence to believe, it will be received and adopted with universal approbation. Let the second Monday evening in every month, be kept sacred to the object; let the friends of Sabbath Schools every where engage in it with zeal; and, though single bands met together, may, in themselves, be few and feeble, let them take encouragement, from the remembrance of the thousands of their brethren, who are at the same time lifting up desires to heaven, for one common object, and with them devising means, and gaining strength, to rescue immortals from the fell destroyer.

The following is the resolution of the American Union:

"Resolved, That the board of managers of the American Sunday School Union, recommend the second Monday in every month to be observed by the conductors of Sunday Schools, as a Concert of Prayer."

"THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' GUIDE."

We have long regretted that this invaluable little work has not been more generally known in this part of our country. It is in point of merit, superior to any thing of the kind that has yet been published. Its author enters deeply into the spirit of his subject, and treats it in a masterly manner. His style is of the purest elegance, and his piety of the most ardent kind. The S. S. Teacher finds in it, next to the Bible, his best companion, and the Christian may well esteem it one of his choicest treasures; and we venture to predict that, to the very end of time, this little work will stand in the same pre-eminence which it now occupies—a Guide to the Sunday School Teacher.

The following is an extract from the work; and on account of its limited circulation, we shall perhaps frequently give our readers more of its precious contents.

"LABOR FOR IMMORTALITY."

"So far as the children are individually concerned, I again remind you that their temporal interests are the *lowest* object of pursuit. Your last and highest end is the salvation of the immortal soul. This is your aim, to be instrumental in converting the souls of the children from the error of their ways, and training them up in the fear of God for glory everlasting. What an object! The immortal soul! The salvation of the human spirit! The soul was the last and noblest work of God in the formation of the world; the finish and ornament of this material fabric, on which the divine Architect bestowed his most mature deliberation, and expended his richest treasure. It stood amidst creation the fair and beauteous image of the Creator. This was the object which upon his expulsion from Paradise first caught the envious eye of Satan; and in the spoils of which, his malice sought a fiendlike solace for the loss of heaven. This was the object which in its fall dragged the creation into a vor-

tex of ruin. This was the object selected by the great God in the councils of eternity, whose salvation should be the means of exhibiting to the universe the most glorious display of the divine perfections; on which mercy, wisdom, and power were to exhaust their united resources. This was the object for which the Son of God could justify himself to all worlds, as not demeaning his dignity, or disparaging his wisdom, when for its salvation he veiled his dignity in human flesh, was for awhile made lower than the angels, tabernacled amidst the sorrows of mortality, and closed a life of humiliation and suffering upon the ignominious summit of the cross. This is the object for which all the revelations of heaven, and all the dispensations of grace; all the labors of prophets, priests, and apostles: in short, all the splendid apparatus of redemption, was arranged. This is the object whose interests render angels unquiet upon their heavenly seats, and draw them with exquisite solicitude to minister to its safety. Such is the retinue attending upon the soul of man, into whose train you have fallen. What then must be the value of the human soul? Now you see the justice of our Savior's language: "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Now you perceive this is no hyperbole, and that literally the globe weighed against the value of one human spirit, is less than the small dust of the balance. Convert the sun into one blazing diamond, the moon into a pearl, and every star that decks the firmament into a gem, all this bears no proportion to the value of the soul. Arithmetic, with all its powers, is here of no use; it cannot aid our conceptions. Think of the *immortality* of the soul, and this one property of its nature, raises it above all calculation. It is in consequence of *this*, that it has been said with justice, that the salvation of a soul amounts to a greater sum of happiness than the temporal deliverance of an empire for a thousand ages; for the latter will come to an end, but not the former. By the same argument the loss of one soul is a greater catastrophe, than the sum total of all the temporal misery endured upon the face of the globe, from the period of the fall to the general conflagration. Say now,—is not such an object worthy all the means that are, or can be employed for its attainment? Do you hesitate? Ponder, intensely ponder again. The subject can never be exhausted; the more it is studied, the wider will its compass appear. Should you be the happy instrument of converting but one soul to God, what honor are you providing for yourselves, what happiness for others!

"My fancy has sometimes presented me with this picture of a faithful teacher's entrance to the state of her everlasting rest. The agony of dissolution is closed, the triumph of faith, and the conquering spirit hastens to her crown. Upon the confines of the heavenly world, a form divinely fair awaits her arrival. Wrapt in astonishment at the dazzling glory of this celestial inhabitant, and as yet a stranger in the world of spirits, she inquires, "Is this Gabriel, chief of all the heavenly hosts, and am I honored with *his* aid to guide me to the throne of God?" With a smile of ineffable delight, such as gives fresh beauty to an angel's countenance, the mystic form replies,

"Dost thou remember little Elizabeth, who was in yonder world a Sunday scholar in thy class? Dost thou recollect the child who wept as thou talkedst to her of sin, and directed her to the cross of the dying Redeemer? God smiled with approbation upon thy effort, and by his own Spirit sealed the impression upon her heart in characters never to be effaced. Providence removed her from beneath thy care, before the fruit of thy labor was visible. The seed, however, had taken root, and it was the business of another to water what thou didst sow. Cherished by the influence of heaven, the plant of religion flourished in her heart, and shed its fragrance upon her character. Piety, after guarding her from the snares of youth, cheered her amidst the accumulated trials of an afflicted life, supported her amidst the agonies of her last conflict, and elevated her to the mansions of immortality: and now behold before thee the glorified spirit of that poor child, who under God owes the eternal life on which she has lately entered, to thy faithful labors in the Sunday School; and who is now sent by our Redeemer to introduce thee to the world of glory, as thy first and last reward for guiding the once thoughtless, ignorant, wicked Elizabeth to the world of grace. Hail, happy spirit! Hail, favored of the Lord! Hail, deliverer of my soul! Hail to the world of eternal glory!"

"I can trace the scene no further. I cannot paint the raptures produced in the honored teacher's bosom by this unexpected interview. I cannot depict the mutual gratitude and love of two such spirits meeting on the confines of heaven; much less can I follow them to their everlasting mansion, and disclose the bliss which they shall enjoy before the throne of God."

SABBATH SCHOOL ANECDOTES.—One principal object we have in view, in publishing these anecdotes, is to furnish teachers with such juvenile illustrations of religious sentiments, as may enable them to engage the feelings and impress the hearts of their pupils, with those things which pertain to their future peace. Children may be talked with much, and very religiously too, but unless their feelings are interested, the instruction will all be lost. And to attain this object, perhaps nothing of an ordinary kind is better calculated, than simple anecdotes and stories. These a teacher should be careful at all times to be furnished with. And the more simple the manner in which they are related, the better will be the effect produced. The historical parts of the Old Testament, are also highly useful in this particular; and while studying them for perhaps nobler purposes, the teacher should always have an eye to this important object, that he may be able to nourish his little charge with food suitable for them, and by which they will grow fonder and fonder of the bread of life.

Extract from a Correspondent.

"The mother, I have often thought, has, in a much higher degree than the father, the power of giving a character to her children's minds. While from her bosom the child is drawing

nourishment ; while under her watchful care, it skips about in childhood's playfulness ; and while in youth it looks first to her, in all its troubles, and for all its joys ;—the mother's controlling influence, with heaven's blessing, may be either forming its mind for immortal bliss, or training it up for endless woe.

"I was conversing, a few days since, with a pious mother, on the religious instruction of children. She told me, that she daily instructed her's, in those things which belong to their peace ; she talked with them about their sins and their souls ; and taught them to pray, both when they lay down and when they rose up. "A short time since," said she, "my little boy waked me about midnight, and said, '*Ma, I can't go to sleep.*' I asked him the reason. He replied, '*I didn't pray to-night.*' 'Well, my dear, you may pray now.' He then said his prayer, and quietly fell asleep."

JUVENILE INSTRUCTION.

The greater part of all the instruction that is given to children, is lost, because they do not understand it. The teacher should bring himself down to the capacity of his pupils, if he would have his instructions attended to. He should converse with them in the simplicity of childhood, if he would have them interested in his conversation, and be likely to profit by it. He should talk with ease and fluency, and not mind the making of a small blunder or two in his expressions, only let his pupils get the idea in the easiest manner. We some time since gave an example of this kind of instruction, from the N. Y. Sunday School Teachers' Magazine, and we now give another from the same excellent work : for we are satisfied, that one of the greatest evils existing in our schools, is, the unsuitableness of the instruction which is given, or of the language it is conveyed in, to the capacity of those for whom it is intended. At our last Sabbath School Monthly Concert, this subject was fully discussed. It had been long known as an existing evil among us ; but we trust the teachers then present, were resolved that it should exist no longer.

The following is the example from the Teachers' Magazine :

After the wicked men had beat our Lord Jesus Christ, and spit on him, and mocked him, and while his back was bleeding and sore, they laid a heavy log of wood, a great high post upon his back, and made him carry it up a hill called Calvary ; and when they got up the hill, they laid him down on it, and nailed his hands to a piece of wood that was fixed across it ; and they nailed his feet fast to it, and then fixed it up in the ground, and let him hang bleeding and dying upon it : then they gave him vinegar and bitter stuff to drink, when he was thirsty ; and shook their heads at him, and mocked him and told him if he was God, as he said he was, why did he not come down from that cross. He could have come down, couldn't he ?—Why didn't he, then ? Because you know he came to die for sinners ; to save us from hell—he could have had all the angels in heaven to help him and might have killed those wicked men at once, but if he had not died, we should all have gone to hell forever. Now when a poor wretched man is hung for murder, or any dreadful sin, people are sorry for him : and they don't mock him, and laugh at him, just as he is going to die, though he deserves it ; but our Lord Jesus Christ found no pity, and you do not know, and I do not know, and could never tell you all the pain and agony he suffered. The pain of the nails was enough, and they need not have mocked him too. Well children, he hung on the cross till he died ; and he prayed for those who were nailing him fast, and begged God to forgive them. He said, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ;' they do not know the dreadful sin they are committing in killing their Lord and Savior. So when he sees you, now he is up at God's right hand, when he sees you, some fighting, some swearing, some lying, and some breaking the sabbath, he prays to God for you, and says, 'Father, for-

give these poor wicked children, for they do not know how bad they are.'—
And now after his doing all this, won't you love him?

"It was to save your soul from dying,
Save you child from endless flame,
Bitter groans and awful crying,
That your bless'd Redeemer came."

And you must yet go to that dreadful place if you don't love him. So you must every day pray to God to give you a new heart, and then at the last day when this world is all burnt up, you will be happy angels, living with Jesus Christ up in heaven.



SENSIBILITY.

As I was passing along a solitary part of the road, on my return from a visit in the country, a few days since, my attention was arrested by a little girl, about nine years old, beckoning me to stop. "Pray sir, be so kind as to break me off a bunch of leaves, to make a bed for the poor lamb that's run over." I got out of my chaise, and went with the child to a tree a little distance from the road side. Here was a fine black lamb stretched on the ground; the blood was running out of his nostrils—it made a faint continued noise like a feeble groaning, and seemed to be expiring. A solitary sheep kept close to the spot, and watched all our motions. "Poor thing!" said the little girl, "he never will skip and play any more on the beggar's ground"—and burst into tears. My dear, said I, how did it happen? "It was sleeping in the path," she answered, "close by where its mother was feeding, and the two cruel gentlemen, that went along just now in the carriage, never minded the lamb, but drove straight over it: and I brought it away from the hot sun, and laid it here in the shade; but it won't get well"—and again, with her apron, she wiped away the tears which she could not suppress. "Poor old Mrs. G——," she continued in her simple manner, "she will be so sorry when she comes to know it—it was all the lamb she had." Where does Mrs. G—— live? said I. "Yonder, on the beggar's ground," she replied, pointing to a cottage on the commons about half a mile off. Are you going to tell her? "Ma sent me to carry some radishes and milk for her tea." By this time the lamb was dead. "He'll want no bed of leaves," said little Maria, and as she took up her basket to go, she turned to look again at the object of her grief—"Oh, it was so cruel to let the wheel go over an innocent lamb," she said, and hurried off for the poor woman's cottage.

My own feelings were scarcely less excited than hers; and I could not help reflecting, as I slowly pursued my journey, how dead to every tender and generous feeling must be the heart that can be indifferent to pain, even though the sufferer were a worm. The wanton young man that would crush an innocent animal under the wheel of his carriage, rather than check or turn aside his steed, is unworthy of the name of husband, or brother or friend. Let him be the companion of no one; for in his cold unfeeling heart, there are none of those amiable affections which form the cement of kindred souls; there is no milk of human kindness in his breast—he cannot feel another's woes, nor share another's joys.—*Guardian*.

THE FORCE OF EARLY HABITS.

A missionary to one of the western counties of this state, held a meeting on a Sunday evening, in a thinly inhabited country. The roads were so bad, that travelling in any other way than on foot was impracticable ; the difficulties he had to encounter almost disheartened him ; and he began to fear that he should not do any good in so unprofitable a country. When he came to the place where the meeting was held, he found a few collected together ; some from a distance as far as he had come himself. As soon as he was seated, he was surprised to see a boy neatly dressed approaching, and after shaking him affectionately by the hand, he asked the missionary if he recollected him. Years had passed since they had met, and the image of his Sunday scholars, with their names, had been forgotten. Did you not, inquired the boy, teach in the Sunday school in—— ? and do you not remember the boy who was your class monitor ? My dear James, said the delighted missionary, taking both the hands of the boy extended within his own (and pressing them as the circumstances connected with the Sunday School flashed across his mind,) my dear boy, how you have altered in looks—how glad I am to meet you *here*—how came you to this meeting ? I had heard, said the boy, that a missionary from New-York, was to preach here this evening ; and I wanted to see if he knew any thing about *our* Sunday School : besides, since I used to go to school on Sunday, I would much rather attend church. I do not know what to do with myself. I was so glad when I heard there was to be a meeting in our township once more. The surprise at meeting a Sunday scholar in this wilderness, only equalled the delight he experienced at the consciousness that one boy had, by his instrumentality, acquired the habit of attending divine worship when he had an opportunity. The thought that he might farther advance the good work that had been founded on so good a basis, added fresh vigour to his desponding feelings, and he entered upon his duties with renewed ardor. Such an occurrence as this speaks volumes in favor of Sabbath Schools. The child might have attended at first from necessity or compulsion ; by degrees he had practised until it became habitual ; and when far away from the influence and commands of the Sunday School, he still retained all its habits, and that day walked many a rough mile, with the hope of hearing something of his former Sunday School, and with a desire to be present at a meeting of Christians of the same denomination, with whom he had five years before been accustomed on Sundays to associate.

N. Y. Sunday Sch. Teacher's Mag.

Two boys, who had formerly been very careless and irregular in their attendance at Sunday School, told their teacher (who inquired after their parents,) that they were going in the country for some weeks ; " and are you going too," said the teacher ? " No Sir," replied the lads, " we must stay to go to Sunday School."

OBITUARY.

So common among us is the death of children, that particular instances we are seldom inclined to notice. Those who are called to the repose of the tomb, just as they have entered upon the stage of action, most commonly pass away, unnoticed and unwept, save by the afflicted relatives. Different, however, was the case, in the instance we have now to record.

HARRIET WILLIAMS was a beloved daughter of the best of parents. From infancy she was nurtured in the lap of piety, and taught in the way of peace. Her young heart was enriched with pious counsel, and her disposition early turned to seek the Lord. Such an one,—the hope and pleasure of her parents,—beloved by her relatives and by all who knew her,—could not silently be called away. Such an one, too, we would fondly hope, might be permitted to arrive at maturity, to honor and reward parental care, and evince to the world the blessedness of being early instructed in heavenly wisdom. **BUT SHE IS DEAD!**—Her spirit has returned to Him who gave it, and is now, we trust, in the full enjoyment of a Saviour's love.

- "Sister, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown,
- "Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
- "From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
- "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

It is useful and pleasant to dwell upon the fond remembrances of such early piety. It is consoling to the afflicted parents; to the faithful teacher in the Sabbath School, it is highly encouraging; and to all who have the care of children, it speaks in the language of wisdom, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.—In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

From a friend of Harriet's, who was with her during most of her illness, we have collected the following particulars:

On the 26th September, she attended the Sabbath School, as usual, in good health. On Monday, the day after, she was taken violently ill, and so rapid was the progress of her disease, that early on Tuesday morning, her parents thought proper to apprise her of the nature of her case, and to inform her that it would probably terminate in removing her to another world. She conversed freely at intervals, during an hour, on the subject of being prepared for death. The third day of her sickness, was one of great distress and anguish to her. In addition to the excruciating pain which she endured, she was afflicted with frequent returns of fainting-fits. On reviving from one of these, and discovering her mother in tears, she exclaimed, with deep anxiety, "Mother, don't cry now—I am alive yet." At another time, when she could not refrain from complaining aloud, her aunt, said to her, "Harriet, you must try to be patient."—"Yes Aunt" she replied, "I will try to be patient." During most of this day she appeared very anxious, looking around earnestly for her friends, and occasionally giving vent to her feelings. To her mother she said, "What shall I do?—I am such a sinner." Her mother was too much overcome to reply.

Soon after this, when no one was with her but her Aunt, she exclaimed, "I am a great sinner." Her Aunt directed her to look to Christ alone for pardon. The faculties of her mind appeared to be in active exercise, whenever for a moment she enjoyed the least abatement of her sufferings; and much interesting conversation passed between her and her aunt, in which she expressed a sincere reliance upon the Saviour. Late in the evening, her father asked her if she desired him to pray with her. "Yes, father," she replied, putting her hands around his neck in the most affectionate manner, "do pray with me." He knelt down by her bedside, taking her hands in his, and while in prayer, she would express her emotions, by pressing his hands from time to time, whenever a petition more particularly interested her feelings. She appeared much composed in her mind after this, and her aunt asked her if she loved to have her father pray with her.—"O yes, I do," she replied. "But can't you pray yourself, Harriet?"—"I can't speak loud much," was her answer; for she supposed her aunt desired her to pray aloud. Her aunt then said, "Can you not, in your thoughts pray to God?"—"O, yes!" she replied.

On the morning of the fourth day of her sickness, she appeared much exhausted, and could speak only with difficulty and in broken sentences. Her mother was fearful she did not understand the questions which were put to her, on the subject of her spiritual concerns. This fear she expressed to her sister, when Harriet was apparently asleep; but Harriet instantly opened her eyes, and with great emphasis said, "Yes, mother, I do understand you."

Some of her Sabbath School companions, together with her teacher, called to see her. This was an affecting scene. She embraced them cordially, and they bid her a long farewell.

On Friday morning, in the ninth year of her age, little Harriet was relieved from all earthly troubles, and her spirit took its flight, as we humbly hope, to the bosom

of her Father and her God. During her illness, she gave hopeful evidence of sincere repentance, living faith in Christ, and the most entire resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father. The approach of death, she contemplated with perfect composure; and conversed of her departure with freedom, and, in one instance, with joy beaming on her countenance.

On Saturday her funeral was attended. The children of the Sabbath School, to the number of about two hundred, together with their respective teachers, were present, and walked in procession to her grave. The next day, being Sunday, the schools were in the afternoon called together, and an interesting and solemn address on the subject, delivered to them by the Rev. Mr. Aikin. Many of the children were in tears, and we trust the impressions which were made, will prove lasting and salutary.

ONEIDA SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.

At a monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of this Society, on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th inst. it was resolved, that the town of Utica be divided into four districts, and two members of the Board appointed to obtain subscriptions in each district. Our citizens may therefore expect soon to be called on for this object, and we trust they will give liberally to the support of so useful an institution.

The Visiting Agent reported having visited ten schools; most of which were in a flourishing state. He found many teachers, who appeared to have the interests of the institution warmly at heart, but could accomplish little, on account of the indifference of parents. When community are more enlightened on this subject, a deeper interest will be taken in it, and the Sabbath School will rise in prosperity.

The average attendance of scholars in most of the schools which he visited, was as follows:—In Deerfield, School No. 1, 55; School No. 2, 28—Hampton, 60—Manchester, 30—Clinton (several schools,) 100—Schuyler 45—Rome, female, 50; male, 35—Whiteaborough, 100.

* * * Those of our Subscribers, who have not yet paid their subscriptions, are informed, that, till the publication of our next Number, FIFTY CENTS will be received as full payment for the year: after which, 62 1-2 will be required. We hope, as the amount is so small, every subscriber will forward his subscription immediately. ☞ A number of articles are necessarily omitted.

POETRY.

A HYMN, Suitable for children at the opening of a Sunday School.

From the American Sunday School Magazine.

Come, children, and sing to the Lord,
Who brought us from Nature's dark wild;
The praises of God touch a chord,
In the heart of a Sunday school child.

When thoughtless and sinful we strayed,
Surrounded by dangers unknown;
We neither repented, nor prayed;
Ah! where might our wand'ring have gone?

Too mean for the notice of man,
The soul and its value despised;
In circles of folly we ran,
The "foe in our hearts" lay disguised.

But the God of compassions arose,
Commanding the word to be given,
"Deliver the poor from their foes,
And train their young children for heaven."

Then PITY descended to dwell
In hearts that she softened to feel;

They hastened the cloud to dispel,
And Love was attended by Zeal.

The steps of the servants of God,
Now trod the abodes of the poor;
To Heaven they showed us the road,
The Sunday school opened its door.

But chief we admired and adored
The Saviour, who bled, and who died;
And how he gave life, as his Lord,
To the thief that expired at his side.

Our minds have received the true light,
The dew of the Spirit descend;
We learn with Corruption to fight,
And Peace on our steps will attend.

To be lambs of the Saviour's flock,
And housed with his fold in the sky,
Our hope resting firm on the Rock,
Oh! should not our praises be high! B.